

11405.66.39.

H Y M N
TO THE
VIRGIN MARY.

Set to Music by Baron D'ASTORGA.

Hymnus in B. MARIAM Virginem.

CHORUS.

- I. *STABAT Mater dolorosa,
Juxta Crucem lacrimosa,
Dum pendebat Filius:
Cujus animam gementem,
Contristantem, & dolentem,
Pertransiuit gladius.*

TRIO.

- II. *O quam tristis, & afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!
Quæ mærebat, & dolebat,
Pia Mater, dum videbat
Nati pœnas inclyti.*

DUETTO.

- III. *Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Matrem CHRISTI, si videret
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Matrem CHRISTI contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?*

Pro

Hymn to the VIRGIN MARY.

C H O R U S.

- I. **B**ENEATH the Tree's accursed shade,
On which the Lord of Life is laid,
Behold the sacred Mother stand !
And as she spies his Bosom gor'd
With the murder-pointed Sword,
Lamenting wring her snowy Hand !

T R I O.

- II. Observe her Looks, how wan with Care !
Observe her Breasts to Tempests bare,
Her Tresses floating in the Wind :
Before her tear-impearled Eyes,
Expires, in agonizing Cries,
The great Deliverer of Mankind.

D U E T T O.

- III. What Man's with Passions fram'd so high,
But here must add the social sigh,
And bid the starting Tear to flow ?
Who can the rising Sob forbear,
That sees the Virgin Queen appear
In all the Eloquence of Woe !

D U E T T O.

- IV. *Pro peccatis suæ gentis
Vidit JESUM in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.*

C H O R U S.

- V. *Eja Mater, Fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam;
Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando CHRISTUM Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam!*

S O L O.

- VI. *Sancta Mater istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide,
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Pænas mecum divide!*

D U E T T O.

- VII. *Fac me tecum piè flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero:
Juxta Crucem tecum stare,
Et me sibi sociare
In planctu, desidero!*

Virgo

(5)

D U E T T O.

- IV. See how the Thorns his Temples wound,
See, to the Lash, abus'd and bound,
A Prey the great Messiah lies ;
Think, for the Crimes of Human Race,
Think, for to purchase Rebel's Grace,
He groans, he faints, he sinks, he dies !

C H O R U S.

- V. Hail sacred Mother, Fount of Love !
O teach my stubborn Breast to prove
The Force of Grief, and share thy Pain ;
O teach my full-plum'd Soul, with thee,
To soar on Wings of Extasy,
In search of him whose Death we plain !

S O L O.

- VI. O Virgin, grant a Vot'ry's Wish,
Who asks not Wealth, nor earthly Blifs,
But in his Woes to bear a Part ;
And, lest ought else a Pow'r may find
E'er to erase them from my Mind,
Imprint them deeply on my Heatt.

D U E T T O.

- VII. With thee in plaintive Strains I'll mourn,
With thee hang pensive o'er his Urn,
Till disencumber'd of it's Clay,
Aspiring to it's native Skies,
And free from all terrestrial ties,
The Soul springs upwards into Day.
- O

(6)

CHORUS.

VIII. *Virgo Virginum præclara !
Mibi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere ;
Fac ut portem CHRISTI mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolere !*

SOLO.

IX. *Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Fac me Cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii :
Flammis ne urar succensus,
Per te Virgo sim defensus
In die judicii !*

CHORUS.

X. *CHRISTE, sitiam exire,
Da per Matremme venire
Ad palmam victoriæ :
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut anima donetur
Paradisi Gloriæ !*

CHORUS.

AMEN.

C H O R U S.

- VIII. O brightest of the virgin Quire!
Refuse not this my chief Desire;
But let me share thy mournful State;
So richer Prospects will arise,
And happier Scenes enchant my Eyes,
When trembling at the Brink of Fate.

S O L O.

- IX. O sacred Virgin lend thy aid,
O smile propitious, heavenly Maid!
In that tremendous awful hour,
When at the Trump's far-echoing sound,
The nodding Hills, the gaping Ground,
Shall loudly speak Almighty Pow'r.

C H O R U S.

- X. And thou have Pity, heavenly King,
When riding on seraphic Wing;
Thou com'st in Majesty array'd;
Thy Mercy grant, thy Pow'r controul,
Snatch, snatch, a wretched, sinful Soul
From dreary Pain's eternal Shade!

C H O R U S.

A M E N.

CHORUS

VIII. O brightness of the virgin Queen!
Refrain not this my chief Desire;
But let me share thy mountain State;
So richer prospects will arise.
And happier scenes enchant my Eyes.
Which trembling at the Drink of Fate.

SOLO

IX. O sacred Virgin, and thy aid
O gentle propitious heavenly Maid!
In that tremendous awful hour,
When at the Trump's far-echoing sound,
The nothing I am, the gaping Ground,
Shall loudly speak Almighty Power.

CHORUS

And then have we the heavenly King,
When riding on his rapid Wing,
Thou comest in thy Majesty array'd;
Thy Mercy givest thy Love's command;
Snatch, snatch, a wretched, sinful Soul
From death's Laid's eternal shade!

CHORUS

AMEN

